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Mr Lornet
With the Editors Compts

T H E

O F F E R I N G .

I cannot strive with daring flight,
To reach the brave Parnassian height,
But at its foot content to stray,
In easy unambitious way,
Pick up those flowers the Muses send,
To wreath an "OFFERING" for a friend.

M A N C H E S T E R :

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION BY G. E. H.

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TO

MRS. GEORGE EDWARD HUNT,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

853241

A D D R E S S .

The Editor begs to give his warmest thanks to those Friends who have enabled him by their contributions to publish the " Offering," and to place upon its pages names so highly estimated.

He presents this Volume of original Poetry to his Readers, indulging the hope that many may derive gratification from its perusal, and that others may hold it worthy of regard as

a literary curiosity, the number printed being less than one hundred.

Personally, he views it with mingled feelings. Its execution was resolved upon, when he who most largely contributes to it looked forward to a long life of usefulness. Scarcely was it commenced when the hour of sickness came; and on the 18th February last, she to whom this volume is inscribed had to mourn the loss of a brother, and the Editor that of a warm friend, cut off in his 26th year.

*The Editor claims indulgence for faults
in the execution of the printing, nearly two years
having elapsed since the work was commenced,
and it having been irregularly proceeded with at
periods of leisure.*

THE EDITOR AND PRINTER.

OCTOBER 1ST, 1838.



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EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

The evening wind is whispering low,
The moon uprising bright and slow,
And here I lay my weary head
Calmly upon my peaceful bed.

Aye, peaceful---though the feverish clay
Hath struggled with the soul all day ;
Aye, calm---though many a thought of ill
Hath dared this wayward heart to thrill.

For thou, oh Lord, hast been with me,
Strengthening each failing energy,
And now thy pure and holy rest
Is sinking on my throbbing breast,

The flowers are closing peacefully,
Beneath the placid moonlit sky,--
So my hushed heart beneath Thy sight
Would slumber, steeped in heavenly light.

And as each faded flower receives
The gentle dew upon its leaves,

So by Thy mercy there may stream
Into my soul some blessed dream.

And as at morn those flowers will be
Breathing new incense up to Thee,
So with the opening day shall rise
My grateful spirit's sacrifice.

And when my life must pass away,
Oh, may it close even like this day,
That bidding every trouble cease,
I may lie down and sleep in peace.

Liverpool, 1837.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY JOHN HIRST.

I'll be with thee where'er thou art, and from the
trackless air

O'er thee I'll fold a sheltering wing, though all
unnoticed there ;

Who can be safe as one who hath by Power
Almighty given

To guard him through each scene of life a Messenger
of Heaven !

By day, when Pleasure holding forth her promises
 unsound,

Would make thee join the giddy throng that glitter
 in her round,---

By night, when on the silent couch and evil spirits
 near

Would breathe unholy whisperings, like poison, in
 thine ear :

In times when gay Prosperity shines bright upon thy
 home,

In times when stern Adversity and hours of sorrow
 come ;---

In these, in all, untiringly, I'll watch, protect, and
guide,
Preserve thee from repinings vain, and from the throb
of pride.

I'll follow thee by sea and land, when sunshine from
on high
Is laughing on thy native earth, and earth smiles to
the sky.

And when the ruthless hurricane rides forth in fury
wild,

I'll hover near amid the storm, like mother o'er her
child,

But I have more than mother's power and more than
 mother's care,

There's not a feeling of thy breast, nor thought that
 rises there,

But clearly is to me revealed, and I can well control
 The passions that disturb thy mind,---the tempests of
 thy soul.

And when the hour of death draws nigh, and He
 whose grace hath willed

That I thy Guardian Angel be, shall deem thy course
 fulfilled,

When dim and glazed the drooping eye, and from

the brow there roll

The drops of that deep agony that wring a parting

soul :

Then,---then,---I will be with thee still, pour comfort

like a balm

Upon thy spirit's doubts and fears, and all its strug-

glings calm,

And bear it, when at last it leaves the frail abode of

clay,

Encircled by a glorious host, from earth away---away.

THE OLD ROAD.

In travelling through mountainous districts, it may frequently be observed that steep parts of the roads are cut off by a new circuitous route, while the former are left without being repaired, and only frequented by passengers on foot. Some of those from their romantic situations cannot fail to arrest the attention of a contemplative mind.

Now I a moment pause to view

The paths, in doubt which to pursue,

But soon decided is my choice,
For now I hear the waters' voice
Murmuring down the craggy steep ;
And I do mark that wild flowers grow
In the lone vale that spreads below,
Which big with heavy dew-drops weep.

The former deeply furrowed road
Is carpeted with grassy sod,
And the wide-spreading briar rose
In nature's wild luxuriance grows.
The butterfly each sunny hour
Fantastic bounds from flower to flower,

And vies with every varied shade
In beauties which as quickly fade.
With eager search the bee pursues
Its flight to suck the nectared dews—
Now on the heather's purple bloom,
And now upon the yellow broom.
And on the hawthorn's flowery spray,
Reflected in the streamlet's breast,
The linnet tunes its sweetest lay,
And undisturbed there warms its nest.

Nature is striving all she can,
By every effort, to regain

From the usurping hand of man
This spot to be her own domain ;
But mingling with her works appear
Past labours of the mountaineer.
So when we from the world retire,
Where with the crowd we mingled long,
And strive to raise our spirits higher
Than aspirations of the throng,
Still lingering clings each vain desire
And tarnishes the purer fire.

An aged man sits by the stream
Which gurgles through its cress-grown bed,

And thus his thoughts pursue a theme,
Which life's young blossoms opened.
“ When with my father bent with age,
“ I took my first long pilgrimage
“ To see the far famed distant town,
“ ’T was on this spot we sat us down ;
“ By yonder brook our store was spread,
“ And there he bathed his hoary head,
“ The breeze played with his locks of grey,
“ And softly sighed a feeble hymn ;
“ When he with heaven raised eyes did pray,
“ And I the while did look at him,
“ His visage changed--the smile was gone,

“ Yet mildly beamed that look unknown,

“ It was not what it used to be

“ When he looked kindly down on me,

“ Each feature took an aspect new,

“ And round his brow a radiance threw.”

(No words emotions can express

Which move the soul's most secret springs,

Nor artist's hand just forms impress

To shadow forth immortal things.)

“ 'T was solemn---lovely---holy---meek---

“ And a tear trembled down his cheek ;

“ I wondered at the form I saw,

“ And felt my bosom thrill with awe ;

“ It was a mortal man before
“ The God he loved thus to adore.
“ Many a year has passed away
“ To the unfathomed gulph of time,
“ Since that so well remembered day,
“ And since that father’s funeral chime.
“ My lamp of life now feebly gleams,
“ And faintly flow the purple streams;
“ Now I am old as he was then,
“ And soon shall leave the walks of men;
“ O may it be to meet on high,
“ And join the anthems of the sky.”

Edinburgh, 1836.

E. SIMPSON.

AN INVITATION.

If thou wouldst own a careless heart
And wear an open brow,
And bid thy griefs and pains depart,
Come hither to us now---
Come hither to our greenwood bowers,
And spend with us life's sunny hours.

For we have cast all thoughts away
But those which whisper joy,

And we have vowed that mirth to-day
 Shall be our blest employ ;
 Come hither, then, and to the air
 Give every lingering doubt and care.

Beauty shall sparkle in thine eye,
 And wine within thy glass,
 And 'mid sweet sounds of melody
 Thy gentle hours shall pass ;
 Come hither, then, and learn to prize
 The glancing light of beauty's eyes.

Nay, do not tell me of thy grief,
 I see it on thy brow,

But, trust me, cares like thine are brief

Where rosy goblets flow ;

Come hither, then, and thou shalt find

Sweet solace for thy suffering mind.

And thou, with looks of happiness,

And eyes that own no tear,

I tell thee those bright thoughts that bless

Thy heart are brightest here ;

Come hither, then, to our green bowers,

And spend with us thy sunny hours.

H. R.

Liverpool.

WILL THERE BE ONE TO WEEP
FOR ME.

Will there be one to weep for me,

Above me when the grass blades wave,

And fringe in dark luxuriance

The mound that marks a human grave.

Will there be one on winter eve,

When all save moaning winds are hushed,

For that drear spot a home to leave,

And mourn the hopes untimely crushed.

Will there be one to pluck the flowers

Whose sweets the shaded walk perfume,

And strew their buds in summer hours

O'er him for whom in vain they bloom.

Whose brow shall wear in joyous throngs

The marks of thought,--who lingers o'er

Some well remembered, much loved songs,

But wakes the happy strain no more!

Oh! when I trust the tide of grief

Will flow for me thus strong and high,

It gives to death a sweet relief,

And I could almost wish to die.

I care not for the gorgeous tomb,

Nor bust that shines with studied art,

No,---let me rest in silent gloom,

My tablet stone a gentle heart.

JOHN HIRST.

Edinburgh.

SMILES AND TEARS ON THE SAME
COURTENANCE.

Era il bel viso suo, quale esser suole
Di primavera alcuna volte il cielo;
Quando la pioggia cade, e a un tempo il sole
Si sgombra intorno il nubiloso velo;
E, come il rosignuol dolce carole
Mena ne i rami allor del verde stelo;
Così a le belle lagrime le piume
Si bagna Amore, e gode al chiaro lume.

E ne la face de begli occhi accende
L'aurato strale, e nel ruscello ammorza

Che tra vermigli, e bianchi fiori scende,
 E temprato che l' ha tira di forza
 Contra il garzon ; che ne scudo difende,
 Ne maglia doppia, ne ferrigna scorza.

Orlando Furioso.

TRANSLATION.

Her face was like the sky in early spring,
 When the sun smiles upon a spangled shower
 Forth from his veil of clouds ; with freshened wing
 The nightingale, within his leafy bower,
 Carols more sweetly-- thus young Love would ask,
 When weeping blends with smiles, no bliss more dear

Than in the sunshine of that smile to bask,
 And bathe his pinions in that beauteous tear.

And, in the flame of her all radiant eyes,
 He lights his golden shafts, tempering their force
 In the clear stream that pearly fount supplies,
 Which, trickling down the beauteous cheek, its course
 O'er beds of lilies fair and roses bends---
 Then the all conquering boy with arm of might
 Aims at the youth, nor plaited mail defends,
 Nor tempered shield against those magic arrows bright.

S. L.

Gateacre, 1837

THE WITHERED NOSEGAY.

I saw that fair nosegay all covered with dew,
Around it at morn a sweet fragrance it threw,
And each varied blossom in loveliness shone --
At eve I returned, and its beauty was gone.
The lily bent lowly its head to the ground,
The rose leaves were scattered in sadness around.
No whisper was heard while they faded away,
So silently wasted those flowers of a day.

I saw a young child on his own mother's knee
Bloom fair as a rose-bud untorn from its tree ;
Health glowed in each feature, and beamed in his eye
The colour and clearness of summer's own sky.
But alas ! soon were shaded those eyes of deep blue,
The red rose was changed to the lily's pale hue,
Death's withering breath wasted all the sweet bloom,
And the dear little infant was laid in the tomb.

Ye flowers, why remind me as quickly ye shed
Those beautiful blossoms around the green bed,
O why do ye mock me, and silently say,
“ Behold how thy beauty shall wither away.”

Nay, fade on, dear emblems, and teach me to know
More truly the frailty that glitters below,
And when I am laid in the desolate grave,
Then o'er my cold dust as an epitaph wave.

E. SIMPSON.

Edinburgh.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY WITH
A STICK OF SEALING WAX.

Oft has young Cupid on my heart
 Made many hot attacks,
'Till, melting 'neath his burning dart,
 I felt as soft as *wax*.

Yet never hath my bashful tongue
 His scorching flame revealed,
But now 'tis time that I should speak,
 Or my sad fate is *scaled*.

Oh, hear my prayer, and let your smiles

Display some kind concession,

And let the trifling gift I send

At length make some *impression*.

My friends agree I could not find

A single present better, 2

For all declare, with one consent,

'T will suit you to *a letter*.

You wished I'd send you *sealing wax*,

And now you see I do it,

And beg you 'll pen a line or two

To state that you 'll *stick* to it.

If you approve I soon with joy

Around the room shall caper,

Then kindly say you 'll take the gift,

And put it down on *paper*.

So *frank* a course will prove it is

My office to adore you,

Armed cap a pie in Cupid's *mail*,

I 'll come *post haste* before you.

'Till then, farewell! My fingers scarce

Can pen the word adieu!

But, when we meet, I trust you'll own

You love a *billy-doux*.

WM. V * * * N.

Stockport.

I THINK O' THEE.

I think o' thee at morn, love,
When flowers begin to bloom,
When dew's are on the thorn, love,
And on the yellow broom;
When sunshine frae the hill, love,
Is glintin' o'er the lea,
Oh, fain would I lie still, love,
And think awhile o' thee.

But mair I like by far, love,
When day amaist is dune,

And nichtfa's lanely star, love,
 Is in the lift abune,
 Upon its licht to gaze, love,
 'Mang wild flowers in the dell,
 And think o' a' the days, love,
 I've said 't was like yersel'.

When I the lave maun join, love,
 And wi' the lave maun gang,
 When flows the ruddy wine, love,
 And rings the merry sang;
 Although the lauch be loud, love,
 The jest be e'er sae free, -

Are hours amang a crowd, love,

Like hours I spend wi' thee ?

I hae nae wealth to share, love,

Ye say ye've nane to gie,---

Ye hae yer gowden hair, love,

Ye hae yer sparklin' e'e,

That aft will kindly beam, love,---

And oh! whate'er befa',

To me ye'll ever seem, love,

The richest---best o' a'.

JOHN HIRST.

Edinburgh.

ENIGMA.

It gives to the thunder the force of its crash,
It gives to the lightning the fire of its flash,
Without it the ocean-wave ceases to dash ;
It is found in yon rocks of wild magical form.
It blasts with the simoom, and leads on the storm ;
It warms in the sunshine, it glads in the shower,
And with roses it twines round the green summer bower ;
The seasons in it have beginning and end,
The elements own it their last constant friend ;
Skill, science, nay even sea, sun, stars, and sky,
Bereft of 't in one common ruin would lie.

Without it nor soldier nor sailor could roam,
Without it abridged are the comforts of home.
Though unseen in the evening dew gilding the thorn,
It lives in each spangle that decks it at morn ;
Though its absence by harmony never was missed,
Yet nor music nor song could without it exist.
Though intimate 't is, nay leagued ever found,
With paupers, it does in possessions abound.
And found too as 't is, oh how subtle and shy.
Deep in falsehood, it ne'er yet was caught in a lie.
Though a stranger to comfort it revels in bliss,
Though a stranger to love it delights in a kiss.

T. G. L.

ISRAEL.

Where Danube rolls unweariedly its deep and sha-
dowed stream,

Or Afric's sultry sands reflect the burning torrid
gleam,

Wherever sighs the mourning breeze or heaves the
lonely wave,

A dreary wail is borne along, as echoed from the
grave.

The sons of Israel wander still without a place of
rest,

Strangers they are in every land, while every land
is blest ;

No sympathetic feelings cheer, no soothing hand
appears,

Rejected and despised by all, in secret fall their tears.

Their harps that once by Babel's streams recalled
those happy days

When on Moriah's side they hung, and thrilled with
deepest praise,

Now broken and unstruck they lie, their voice of
sweetness fled,

No hand shall wake those strings again, the harpers
all are dead.

The father's heart forgets its grief to mourn for
children dear,

The mother on her infant babe doth pour the heavy
tear,

The children's features sadly wear the lineaments of
woe,

From gazing on their parent's brow, and wond'ring
why 't is so.

Sweet Hope the friend of human kind, that binds
the wounded heart,

But hovers darkly o'er their heads, and seems fain to
depart.

Oh! when shall happier days dawn bright for that
afflicted race,
When shall their scattered sons again their wand'ring
steps retrace,
When shall they own that HOLY ONE their fathers
madly slew,
When shall they know the curse they bear shews
that His Word is true?

E. SIMPSON.

THE BLUSH.

The language of the heart! what tells it best?

Is it the eye that glances bright and fair?

The kindly smiling face? No---pride may rest,

The heart's soft language be a-wanting, there:

For I have gazed on beauty, and have seen

How oft the haughty thought its breast inspired,

How oft the wish to reign o'er others queen,

To be by all, if not beloved, admired.

Or can the pale, pale cheek, where sternly woe
Has stamped its impress, and the gushing tears
Declare the passions that have slept below,
And shew how deeply all the past endears?
They may,---they do,---but still there is a form
In which the joyous heart may dress, and seem
Like changing sky o'ercast with cloud and storm,
While all within is bright as summer gleam.

And yet though neither looks nor tears may speak
With truth the feelings, there will sometimes steal
A crimson flush across the trembling cheek,
And all the movements of the heart reveal,---

A flush which hope and joy and love impart,
And mingling thoughts, such as were strange before,
A flush that knows not guile, for when the heart
Would call it back, it deepens but the more.

JOHN HIRST.

Edinburgh.

ON A "FORGET ME NOT,"

THAT GREW UPON THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

Sweet modest flower, best emblem of the brave
Who now like thee here disregarded lie,
When Britain called, their lives they proudly gave,
Content to do their duty, and to die.

So thou, sweet flower, unconscious of thy worth,
Art full content if thou dost live to say,
Grateful to him whose tomb first gave thee birth,
"Forget me not," and then to fade away.

What words more sweet than these could e'er be said,

What lines could e'er such keen regret impart,

What better paint the sufferings of the dead,

Or print their virtues deeper on the heart?

Let us no more then sculptured marble raise

O'er that famed ground on which our warrior's fall,

Since thou far better canst declare their praise,

And their great deeds unto our minds recal.

E. T. M.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE HENRY ROSCOE, ESQ.

By a Friend.

Of the illustrious dead, oh ! worthy son,
Well has thy fight been fought, thy battle won ;
E'en at mid-day with victory art thou crowned,
Thy brows in death with Christian laurel bound.
Thy varied faculties so meekly borne,
In duty's cause, so well and fitly worn,
These, and the charity that may not fade,
And which in thee no worldly honour staid,

Within the hearts of all have left impressed
Thy image bright, in living virtue dressed.
It may not pass away ! but shall remain
That we thy deathless crown may also strive to gain !

THE SWISS PATRIOT'S SONG

Meet, brothers, meet--your quivers filled with arrows
sure and keen.

Your sword the whetted hunting-knife--meet near
the dark ravine.

And gather ye with steady hearts, like men who soon
shall know

To wield a Patriot's mighty blade, and strike a
Patriot's blow.

What, shall the Freeborn live as slaves! no--no--we
proudly feel

We cannot brook a tyrant's chain, though we can
brave his steel!

And powerful as the avalanche that thunders on our earth
Shall be the phalanx that contends for Altar and for
Hearth.

We love these native hills of ours capped with eternal
snow,

The forests green that hang above, the streams that
rush below,

And each broad lake that seems at morn a vast and
golden sea ;

Ours is indeed a glorious home,—no dwelling for the
free!

And better far to meet our fate beneath a foeman's
hand,

Than live with gloom upon our souls, a blight upon
our land,

And nobler far to find a grave beside the mountain
pine,

Than see our ancient rights depart, our liberties
decline.

We ask no grief---we ask no tears,---the friends who
love us best

Need not to weep for us when laid within our lowly
rest,

For will not o'er our memories be twined the brightest
wreath

That, like a halo, Fame displays around a hero's
death?

Will not our sons in after time unto our graves repair,
While lofty thoughts and high resolve throb in their
bosoms there?

The very breeze that wanders by will whisper to
their ears

Tales of the fight for liberty--the deeds of by-gone
years.

JOHN HIRST.

FRAGMENT.

We are bold hunters, hunted still,
Straining and panting out of breath,
Chasing our own uncertain will,
Chased by our certain death.
From the young child who loves to chase
A shadow on a green hill side,
And the bold boy, who loves the race
Kept by a torrent's tide,

Marking his progress by the flowers
He flings upon the eddying stream,---
Unto the youth in summer hours
Chasing some fond love-dream,
All hunters are, each hunted flies,
Following the rainbow light of fame,
Or chasing joy 'neath April skies,
Or honour's nobler game ;
All fleeing from the thought of grief,
Or from the phantoms of remorse,
Or from the truths that tell how brief
Shall be their earthly course ;

All every nerve and sinew strain,
 Whilst the earth slides their steps beneath,
And all are chased and all o'erta'en
 By the stern hunter---Death!

M. A. BROWNE.

Liverpool, 1837.

Translated from the German of "Frithioff."

INGEBORG'S COMPLAINT.

Gone is the summer's rest !

Brawling the sea heaves her snow-white breast ;

Yet--ah, how gladly her raving

Would I be braving !

Long, from the shore

I gaze---'till his sail streaks the far-west no more :

With Frithioff, o'er the sea yonder

'T were bliss to wander !

Waves! do not rise

Fiercely between us---too fast the sail flies!

Stars! guide him surely, and brighten,

Through gloom to lighten.

When Spring is here,

He will come back---but no loved one be near!

None in the valley to meet him:

Or at home greet him!

Cold, then, and clay,

Deep will she lie, of love's sorrow the prey,

Or weep in secret, unheeded,

Forcibly wedded.

Falcon, left now

By him forgotten-- how dear, bird, art thou!

Fleet hunter, thee his care nourished,

Thou shalt be cherished.

There doth he stand,

Wrought in my tapestry, with thee on his hand---

In thy plumes silver threads mingle,

Golden each single.⁽¹⁾

Falcon wings bore

Frcia⁽²⁾ from earth, all her wanderings o'er;

Oder, her life's joy, still wooing---

Vainly pursuing.

Wouldst *thou* too bring

Help for me, bird! could I mount on *thy* wing?

---No! Death---Death only can lend me

Wings to befriend me!

Hunter the free!

Look, from my shoulder, far over the sea:

Gaze! There are but blue skies o'er us --

Wide waves before us!

•

- -When I am cold,

And he comes back, be my fate by thee told:

Love's welcome for thy lord keeping,

Comfort his weeping!

W. B. C.

NOTES.

1. Single is the falconer's proper term for a hawk's talon.

2. Freia's mysterious flight, over all the earth, upon falcon-wings, in quest of Oder, forms a conspicuous legend in the Scandinavian mythos.

SONG.

Quench not the light that soon must fade,

Nor damp the fire that soon must die ;

Nor let to-morrow's ills invade

The hour to-day devotes to joy.

Ah who with music's softest swell

Would mingle sorrow's piercing moan ?

Or to the bounding spirit tell

How soon the charm of life is flown ?

Say, is the rose's scent less sweet

Because its bloom must soon decay ?

Or shall we shun the bliss to meet

That cannot here for ever stay ?

No!--by the power that bliss who gave,

This hour we'll from the future borrow,

And all that fate allows us save

From the dread shipwreck of to-morrow.

W. R.

LINES
TO A BOY DESTROYING FLOWERS.

Canst thou again that flower combine,
 Replace its petals one by one,
Formed, perfumed, by the Hand Divine,
 A thoughtless moment hath undone?

Canst thou the scattered leaves unite
 In order round the parent stem,
Restore the strength---as thou couldst blight---
 The beauty of earth's little gem?

Not all the science, art, and power,
Or yet the handicraft of man,
Could now repair, in that fair flower,
Destruction which thy hand began.

Then mar not what thou canst not make,
In wiser acts thy time employ,
Go --learn for thy Creator's sake
His works to cherish, not destroy.

K. H.

TO A BUNCH OF SNOWDROPS, MINGLED
WITH EVERGREENS,

Given to me by a Friend, 10th February, 1837.

BY W. M.

Sweet gentle snowdrop! earliest child of Spring,

Whose modest form of captivating hue,

Nurs'd in the wintry gale,

And cradled by the hoar-frost pale,

Was brought to life when nought of lovely else we

view ;

Thou art the herald of the coming flowers
Which linger yet within their mossy cell,
Or where sweet spirits gay,
And fairy too, and fay,
Sport in the summer breeze, or midst the wild flowers
 dwell ;

And like the dove that from the hallowed ark
Went forth to view the waste of waters wide,
And came again to tell
How it befel
The ancient earth, and how abated was the tide,

So now thou comest, telling of sweet Spring,
And her gay beauteous handmaids crowned with
 flowers,
And the glad joyous hum
With which they come
Even now I hear from their Idalian bowers.

Thy form, sweet flowret, is a spotless page,
Yet full of hidden meaning, and a voice,
 With music fraught,
And gentle thought,
Speaks from thy caverned bell, and bids us to rejoice.

Yet other thoughts than these thou bidst arise

Within my heart, and as I gaze on thee,

That elegance of form,

Amid the whirling storm,

Brings back my thoughts to her who gave to me

The flower, which is the mirror of her life,

The glass of her sweet being, where we view

Simplicity that blooms

Where truth illumines,

And modesty in which sweet virtue yet shines thro'.

In some lone vale thou rearest thy pensive head,

Where the soft balmy winds did love to stray,

Enamoured of thy charms ;

Thy loveliness yet warms

The harsher gales of spring, even as my lay.

And she who is thy counterpart, was one

On whom all eyes do love to linger, all

Sweet thoughts do rest--

Some spirit blest,

She seems to bind all hearts within her welcome

thrall.

And so, sweet snowdrop, as thou mingled art
 With the rich ever greens, which seem to cherish,

With tender care,

From the chill air,

Thy fragile form, too apt, alas! to perish,

So shall she be who gave to me the flower

And the fresh evergreens, which are to me

With feeling rife, ‘

The shadowed life

Of thoughts which time nor care to change shall e’er

have power.

THE FLOWER.

Oh! ken ye whare the burnie rins
 Wi' laughing, dancing speed alang,
And whare the restless birdies flit,
 And artless pour their blithest sang!
It 's there the trees I like to see
 When gliintin' in the sunny shower,
But maist I like them---that they gie
 Their shelter to a bonny flower.

Upon the brink the flowrie grows
 And lifts its head wi' modest grace,

Its leaves half white, half crimsoned owre,

Like blushes spread on beauty's face ;

And ithers there are springin' round,

Yet seems it bloomin' by itsel',

A bonny speck on Nature's lap,

And like---to wha I sha'na tell.

Aboon the stream it aften nods,

And closes maist its blossoms fair,

Aft, dreepin' wi' the mornin' dew,

Unfaulds and woos the caller air ;

Now shrinkin' frae the human touch,

Now tossin' frae the breeze awa',--

The mair I see, the mair I lo'e

That flower sae like----ye kenna wha.

Oh! I wud keep that bonny flower

Frae bitter cauld, and snelly blast,

And gather aff its leaves wi' care

When down' wi' auld age at last,

And aye as bonny I wud screen

Wi' ready art frae every wae,

But may nae blast o' worldly care

Come near her it resembles sae.

JOHN HIRST.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Call not the crimson rose
Fairest of blossoms! she may be their queen,
May be most worshipped for her passionate hue,
And her rich incense,---but far lovelier
I deem her snowy sister, that pure star,
Lighting the dark green of a shady bower
With her sweet presence. Purest, holiest,
Of flowers, is that white rose! The lily fair
Perhaps is statelier, but the stainless rose

Is the most touching. She reminds us still
Of the deep crimson of the summer's queen
By her fair moulded form, and yet hath nought
Of earthly taint about her. She is a maid
So strong in purity, the sun may look
For ever on her, and yet fail to call
A blush into her cheek !

M. A. BROWNE.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Go- -you little witching fairy,

Prattling on, what would you say,

Bounding round me, light and airy,

All endearment, love, and play.

Soft your cherub lips are pouting,

What new grief now dims your eye,

Smiling yet through tears, you 're doubting

Whether you should laugh or cry,

Now behind my chair you 're climbing,

Animated smiles I meet,

Song in imitative chiming,—

Now you 're rolling at my feet.

Lovely child, of joyous beauty,

How thy playful arts endear,

Blessing fond parental duty,—

Is thy doom to linger here ?

K. H.

STANZAS.

The hum of the city, and stir of the throng
That hastens in endless confusion along,
I wearily move in, and long to be free,
As the bird in the cage for its nest on the tree.
But when I forsake the proud dwellings of men,
To roam in the valley or hazle tree den,
To climb the steep mountain, and wander as free
As those balmy breezes that whisper round me ;
Emotions of rapture thrill fast through my frame,
Far dearer than all the vain throbbings of fame.

Hast thou ever felt the serenity that steals,
 Like dew-drops descending upon the green hills,
 In peaceful quiescence dispelling the strife
 The cares and the sorrows and turmoil of life ;
 When murmuring streams lull the spirit to rest,
 And silence each murmur that troubles the breast ;
 As they pour their bright waters in dark rocky
 fountains,
 And echoes reply from the listening mountains ?
 And hast thou sat lone on the thyme covered *brae*,
 When the shadows of morning were fading away ;
 And breathed the sweet perfumes which floated around
 Exhaled from the flowrets that blushed on the ground,

While mantled in glory the summer sun's beams
Reposed on the mountains and danced on the streams ;
And no voice was heard from the heath-covered steep
But the croak of the raven and bleating of sheep ?
Hast thou ever heard the wild music of trees,
When each leafy branch is just stirred by the breeze,
And felt those emotions that rise in the mind
When thrills every chord in the bosom confined ;
The secret heart-tremblings---so solemn --so deep---
These hymns of the forest awake from their sleep ?
O where is the minstrel, and where is the lyre,
Can wake from its slumbers the soul's hidden fire,

Which then from its deepest recesses forth came
And in the breast kindled its holiest flame?
My spirit retires to enchantments like those,
When weary my body is sunk in repose.
And when sleep dispels each vexation and pain,
I visit the scenes of my childhood again.

E. SIMPSON.

Edinburgh, 1837.

TO THE IVY.

Ivy, I say, thou art the poet's plant,

For fondly round some sapling art thou seen,
Cheeking its early growth; but thou dost grant
Its lifeless trunk a wreath for ever green.

Lowly thou art, but aye thy leaves so sheen
Catch the bright beams, and with the zephyrs play ;
But thou canst mount the clouded cliffs, I ween,
And grace the proudest tow'rs with garlands gay.

• Thou, too, thy blossoms wild dost kindly spread
 In the cold lap of winter, scarce repaid
 With a slant sunbeam ; while some sickly blade
 Some foreign flower is honoured in thy stead,
 Tho' Nature has adorn'd thee nothing scant.---
 --Therefore, I say, thou art the Poet's plant.

J. F. M. DOVASTON.

WITHERED TREES.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

What do ye here, ye withered trees ?

The sun and the vernal rain,

And the softening breath of the spring-tide breeze,

Revive ye not again !

Why do your leafless branches spread

O'er the fair boughs' bud and bloom,

And hang o'er the bright young sapling's head,

Like prophecies of gloom ?

Why do ye stretch in the sunny air,
As if stripped by the wintry wind,
And the light and joy of summer share,
That ye cannot pay in kind ?

Why do ye cumber the smiling earth,
And shadow the thick green grass ?
Make way for the young shrubs' leafy mirth,
Pass--from this bright world pass!

There came a sigh from the withered boughs,
A murmur and a moan,
Like a rustling wind o'er the crisping snows
In winter, was its tone :

It seemed to say---“ Alas, to think

“ Of man’s ingratitude ;

“ That we from his sight are bid to shrink,

“ We, monarchs of the wood !

“ We used to be as green and fair

“ As the trees ye cherish now, --

“ And a crown of leaves were wont to bear

“ On every lofty bough ;

“ We used to laugh in the pleasant sun,

“ And bathe in the heavy dew,---

“ Why grudge that now our youth is gone,

“ We linger yet in view !

“ We are lingering but like aged men,

“ With hearts and passions cold,--

“ Would ye scorn your own grey fathers then,

“ Because they have grown old ?

“ Ye look on *them* with a reverent look,

“ Though bent and aged now,

“ And read, as ye would read a book,

“ The wisdom on each brow !

“ Do not those reverend parents teach

“ That ye must pass away,

“ And may not *we* such lessons preach,

“ Of slow but sure decay ?

“ When the flattering spring winds wander by

“ These fair young leaves and flowers,

“ We tell them, with a low deep sigh,

“ *Their* fate must be as *ours* !”

Liverpool, 1838.

THE CLOUDS.

I love the summer sky to view,

When light and heat around are glowing,

And o'er us hangs a sea of blue

Intensely bright, though never flowing,

But more I love the chequered dress

That sky above is daily taking,

Amusing by its fitfulness,

And Fancy's dreamy flight awaking :

How oft it seems, --as if a cloud

Were fixed by some great hand above us,

To be for earth a peaceful shroud

Pure as the hearts that truly love us!

How oft,---as if a phantom throng

Were o'er the welkin wildly chasing

In shapes the breeze that sweeps along

Is forming now, and now defacing !

When autumn's sun has left the skies,

While yet his light is pleased to linger,

We see a distant world arise,

Like painting of a magic finger,---

W

A land of ocean, cloud, and hill,

And rocks the golden waters shading,---

A land so lovely---solemn-- still---

It grieves us much to find so fading.

I never look on budding flowers,

I never list to gay birds singing,

But think I of the clouds, whose showers

To earth its brightest bloom are bringing.

I never hear of soaring thought

The youthful mind delights to cherish,

But muse on scenes the clouds have brought,

That quickly come, and quickly perish.

I never see a burdened soul,
O'er which the gloom of sorrow passes,
But think of stormy hours that roll
Above our heads their frowning masses.---

Let fleet imagination bound
Through heaven---through earth---through nature
ranging,
Its fitting resting place is found
In clouds---the frail---the ever-changing.

JOHN HIRST.

THE MOUNTAIN HEATHER.

When whirlwinds rage and tempests lower,
And desolation rules the plain,
There is a little mountain flower
That gently rears its head again,
That lends its perfume to the wind,
And wafting onward thus together.
It solace brings for storms unkind,
The bonny blooming purple heather.

On it the mountaineers repose,
Soft on the bed of nature sleep,
O'er them its fragrant sweets disclose
The honey dew, their vigils keep
These hardy sons, with nerves well strung,
Heed not the bleak and wintry weather---
Hearts then at ease, cares backward flung,
When resting on the mountain heather.

Thus nature in her sternest mood
Some gift dispenses everywhere,
Its gems are found beneath the flood,
And perfume in the troubled air ;

How happy then the cheerful heart,
With all the lightness of a feather,
Feels joy a flower can thus impart,
In Scotia's pride--the bonny heather.

K. H.

LINES

On the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies.

From the West India's warm isles,
Where nature wears her softest smiles,
Where rivers run o'er golden sands,
And gorgeous birds fly forth in bands,
A plaintive sound came o'er the sea,
For in those lands
Slaves with clasped hands
Cried "pity us, and set us free."

Old England hears the mournful sound
Come to her shores ; her pulses bound
The slavish fetters to undo,
Which may she never have to rue.
She sends a mandate from her shore
To all the lands
Which she commands,
To tell them they are slaves no more.

Now joy reigns in the Indian isles,
And tears are changed to joyous smiles--
England is praised by old and young,
England is blessed by every tongue---

Now is there nothing left to fear---

Where are the chains,

And the sharp pains,

That wore out souls from year to year!

The ancient Romans took delight

To see slaves meet in deadly fight,

Till, faint with blood lost in the strife,

The weakest yielded up his life;

But since religion has well spread,

In every clime,

In modern time,

These horrid cruelties have fled.

What man who bears the Christian name,
 But blushes with indignant shame
 To see his fellow chain the slave
 Whom it is in his power to save ?
 Alas, too many still are found,

Who do not heed

To do the deed

Forbidden on the British ground.

But now let this day always be
 Reckoned a day of jubilee,
 On which Old England nobly gave
 Freedom to every Afric slave ;

And may she ne'er have to repent

The blessed time

When India's clime

Saw Freedom's glorious charter sent!

[A School Prize Poem.

The Author fifteen years of age.]

ENGLISH MELODY.

" Oh ! ponder well."

Oh ! ponder well, ye lovers light,
Nor play with hearts too soon,
Love, like a child, will break ere night,
The toys he nursed at noon.

He dreams not in his elfin bowers
Where Bliss is newly blown,
Chill May has often wept o'er flowers
By thoughtless April thrown.---

Then ponder well your early suit,
And Autumn's evening hour
With richer bloom shall flush the fruit,
Than April did the flower.

J. F. M. D.

FROM "ORLANDO FURIOSO."

La verginella e simile a la rosa,
 Che 'n bel giardin su la nativa spina,
 Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
 Ne gregge, ne pastor se le avvicina ;
 L' aura soave, e l' alba rugiadosa,
 L' acqua, la terra al suo favor s' inchina ;
 Gioveni vaghi e Donne inamorate,
 Amano haverne e seni, e tempie ornate.

Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo
 Rimossa viene, e dal suo ceppe verde,

Che, quanto havea da gli huomini, e dal cielo
 Favor, gratia, e bellezza, tutto perde
 La vergine, che 'l fior, di che piu zelo,
 Che de' begli occhi, e de la vita, haver de,
 Lascia altrui corre, il pregio, c' havea inati
 Perde nel cor di tutti gli altri amanti.

IMITATION.

The modest maid is like a beauteous rose
 In a fair garden ; on her native thorn
 Secure from every ruthless touch she blows,
 And courts the breezes of the dewy morn ;
 While each enamoured youth and tender maid
 Seeks her fair buds, their snowy brows to braid.

But should the rose desert her parent tree,
Her beauty fades, and all her grace decays ;
Just so, the hapless maid, if rashly she
Her modest worth, that flower of peerless praise,
Plucked by rude hands, resign :---what magic power
Can plant this rose again within her native bower ?

S. L.

Gatzeacre, 1837

THE SHOOTING STAR.

Amid the silent countless host,

That slumbers in the sky,

What star is that which sparkles most,

And shoots along and dies,---

Seen all at once, and gone when seen,

Sweeping the distant orbs between!

Oh! can it be that some fair world

Has fled before the frown

Of Him whose mighty arm has hurled

The flashing lightning down,

And that ere now the sinner's cry

Tells of his fearful agony!

Or can it be (and sweet the thought)

That spirit pure has gone

To yield the blessing prayer has sought,

And hush the mourner's mean,

A light-encircled Messenger,

Of troubled soul the comforter!

It may be these---it may be more

Than thou, my soul, canst scan,

Some scene sublime of boundless power

Beyond the thoughts of man,

At which the awe-struck angels gaze,

While wonder humbly melts to praise.

JOHN HIRST.

TWO SONNETS.

Adversity.

Adversity, to teach us what we are

Is thy appointed task.---We learn from thee

That we are barques on an uncertain sea,

Sleeping o'er rugged rocks, serene and fair,

Sleeping short while, as youth's unruffled sail

Swells to the breeze of joy on pleasure's tides,

And skims all easy to the vernal gale,

As the green halcyon o'er the surface glides.

Anon, at thy rude breath the sky is dimmed,
 Flutter the shrouds, and the big billows heave,
 And where all azure late the halcyon skimmed,
 The sea-mew screaming rides the stormy wave.
 Then does thy voice this wholesome lesson bear,
 Adversity, to teach us what we are.

The Glow-worm.

Worm of the night, thee let the Poet view,
 And learn to point his mental spark aright,
 When on the wayside bank light sprent with dew,
 Thou kindest thy green lamp of emerald bright,
 Pure, self-illumined, not with borrowed light

Tinselled, like busy insects of the day,

Thou giv'st a brilliance to the silent night,

That cheers the homeward trav'ller on his way.

Poor worm, (the pensive Poet well might say)

Ev'n He that lit thee on this humble soil,

Hung all yon lamps that his high dome array,

And feeds their fires with everlasting oil.

And ev'n my lamp, poor worm, like theirs and thine,

Shines not in vain, if in His praise it shine.

J. F. M. D.

VERSES

*written after reading an account of the attempt to
collect tithes at Rathcormac, in December, 1834.*

Of old beneath our fair green trees,
The druids' victims bled,
And horror-struck to learn of these,
We trembled as we read.

The wheels of eastern Juggernaut
Gleam bright with Hindoo gore,
And bones of pilgrims, we are taught,
Do whiten all the shore.

And well the briny tear may start
 From every Christian's eye,
 And anguish pierce his throbbing heart,
 When thus the heathen die.

But what amazement fills the soul,
 When blood *our* streets defile ;
 And streams of crimson idly roll,
 Through Sister Erin's isle.

Weep Scotia-- for the shamrock's leaves
 Are stained with awful red ;
 Weep, England---for thy sister grieves,
 And hangs her helpless head.

How long upon the altar high,
Before our tear-dimmed eyes,
Shall burst the gasping stifled cry
Of human sacrifice ?

O tell me not of rights nor law,
While thus the victims groan ;
Couldst thou but glance at what I saw,
'T would melt thy heart of stone.

Repent---repent---though late it be,
For yonder lowers the sky ;
Haste for thy life, and quickly flee,
Lest also thou shouldst die.

SONNET TO ISABEL.

Ten years since we have met, fair Isabel ;
When last thy smiling face by me was seen,
Thou wert a merry maiden of eighteen,
And I remember that bright day full well ;
We had been gathering wild flowers in the wood,
And thou wast twining some about thy hair,
When came the summons, and I left thee there,
And thou astonished on the green hill stood

Watching my quick departure. Now thou art
Perhaps not quite so radiantly bright,
But oh, how lovely in thy matron light,
And still as dear unto this saddened heart ;
Alas, my home no more near thine may lie,---
I can but bless thee now in passing by.

M. A. BROWNE.

TO THE "MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS,"

Growing on the Field of Waterloo.

Where sleep the brave, on honour's sainted bed,

Thou, lovely flower, art wildly seen to wave

Thy fragrant incense o'er the valiant dead ;

A blooming tribute to the soldier's grave !

The dews of morn condensed in glittering gems,

With crystal stream thy bending foliage lave,

While sighing breezes scatter from thy stems,

The tears of nature-- o'er the soldier's grave.

In union with a weeping nation's tears,

Thus Nature mourns the relics of the brave,

And in thy buds a grateful tablet rears,

Inscribed by Fancy, on the soldier's grave.

"Forget me not," in silent tones they say,

While spring revives thy blossoms o'er the brave

An emblem of that great triumphant day,

When angels shall enclose the soldier's grave.

ROUNDELAY.

BY J. F. M. DOVASTON.

'T is life to young lovers, in early spring time,
 In the spring time all so fair,
 Thro' the meadows to go where the primroses grow,
 A-breathing the mild mild air ;
 When the butterfly comes, and the great bee hums
 Round the willow-bush, gosling-clad,
 And a-tweet tweet tweet, go the little birds sweet,
 For the heart, oh, the heart it is glad !

D D

'T is life to young lovers, in high summer days,

In the summer days all so fine,

All lithe to be laid in the green green shade,

Or bask in the broad sunshine :

When the hawk sails high in the blue blue sky

With light clouds thinly clad,

And the merry flies brisk on the warm wall frisk,

For the heart, oh, the heart it is glad !

'T is life to young lovers, in deep winter nights,

In the winter nights all so long,

When the fire shines light on the faces so bright

Of the gay gay social throng ;

With the feast and the dance and the sparkling glance
Of the damsels deftly clad.

While the sharp notes ring on the minstrel's string,
For the heart, oh, the heart it is glad !

'T is life with young lovers in every time,
As the year it runs blithely about ;
For the heart that is honest is happy within,
And all is then happy without.

Like the glad sun still, let earth turn as she will,
Sees her face in his beams ever clad,
So the eye of delight sees everything bright,
For the heart, oh, the heart it is glad !

LINES

*written on the death of a young lady on a morning
of great brightness, after a fall of snow.*

How brightly beams that roseate ray

Upon the snow-wreath'd tree,

Emblem at once of holy light,

And spotless purity.

So to Imagination's eye,

Appears that much-loved form,

Whose gentle spirit soars on high,

Secure from every storm.

But lovelier far than yon bright beam

Is that celestial ray,

Which from an everlasting stream

Around her brow shall play.

And purer far than spotless snow,

That robe of radiance bright,

Which now enwraps her sainted form,

Amid those worlds of light.

Her soul escaped to realms above

Immortal joys shall bless,

Her glory---the Redeemer's love -

Her robe-- His righteousness.

THE ORCHARD IN BLOSSOM.

Go bid the poet, in its loveliest bloom,

Look on the orchard's blossoms : largely spread

In white profuse, light pink, and richest red,

And varying but in beauty and perfume.

Then tell him of the sad untimely doom

That sure awaits them. Millions soon must shew

That ev'n coy May can winter's garb assume,

And sportive shed her show'rs of mimic snow.

Many the canker-worm's keen tooth shall gripe,

Or choke with tangled web : and many rue

The blight of insects black : but few ! oh few !

Shall live to blush in autumn ruddy ripe.

Go tell the poet this :---he 'll tell thee straight

Of other blossoms subject to like fate.

SONNET

On visiting Culloden Moor in 1837.

'T was summer noon. The sun unclouded shone
 And flung o'er earth and sea his genial rays ;
 Nature seemed worshipping in silent praise.
 No sounds were heard, save wild bees' murmuring
 drone,
 And voice of gentle winds, in soft low tone
 Floating across the heath, like mournful lays
 In memory of the men of other days,
 Who bravely fought and died in time long gone.

Green spots there were, marking the warriors' graves,
 Where grass grew kindly. Side by side they lay---
 Foeman and friend ; for dark oblivion's waves
 Had swept all traces of their feud away.
 Trav'ler ! what lesson spoke that scene to thee ?
 ---Go---live with all in peace and amity.

JOHN KEITH SIM.

Leith.

THE REFUGEE.

A FACT.

Who has not known bright noontide's hour o'creast,
Whilst bursting clouds rolled darkening as they past,
And seemed amidst wild thunder's deafening roar
A whelming flood in idle rage to pour ?
But soon tired nature finds a peaceful calm,
And freshly smiles beneath its healing balm,
While the soft stillness of the evening hour
Falls, as in love, around each tender flower ;

And one fair star, glistening in lustre bright,
More lovely seems amid surrounding night !

'T is thus in life, when hope and fortune smile,
And with gay dreams deluded man beguile,
That sorrow found in pain, neglect, and woe,
Severely teach him her rough path to know ;
But though her voice austere and harsh may sound,
And in her lessons anguish deep be found,
Although a dark and gloomy veil she flings
O'er the gay toys to which he fondly clings,
Yet for the joys which wake tumultuous thought,
A calm resigned spirit she hath taught ;

While higher hopes and brighter views appear
Beyond the vale which bounds his prospect here.
Child of the world! wouldst thou these truths deny,
Here read a story that their test may try!

Rank, martial fame, and fortune, were his own,
And Henry stood near Gallia's brilliant throne;
He followed, too, the monarch's hasty flight,
Who proved a traitor to his subjects' right.
No courtier train the exiled king maintains,
But Henry still his loyal heart retains;
Firmly resolved with Charles to stand or fall,
He vows obedience to the monarch's call.

The hind whose daily toil no respite knows,
 To whom alone the sabbath yields repose,
 His earthly lot is blest beyond compare
 With that which Henry now perforce must bear :
 The highbred courtier, and the soldier born,
 Must sometimes now submit to worldly scorn ;
 The teacher's task must now those hours employ,
 Which he was wont to spend in festive joy.
 His station, merits, and himself, unknown,
 With all of pomp and idle glitter frown,
 A mean subsistence he can barely earn
 By all those arts he finds it hard to learn ;

There is for him no friend's approving eye,
To mark the efforts made without a sigh,
For him no sister, wife, or mother's care,
Shall aught of comfort in his home prepare.
Home ! where the peasant looks for cheering rest,
And often feels, and is, supremely blest,
To him no joy or hope can e'er impart ;
Scenes where no cloud his sun of joy o'ercast !
When the rude shocks of life were all untried,
And hope her gayest smiles had ne'er denied.
But now no sister o'er him fondly bends,
For him no mother's prayer to heaven ascends,

No watchful eye rests on him while he sleeps,
Or tender nurse her nightly vigils keeps ;
The plaint suppress'd, the scarcely stifled groan,
Unmarked by all, are all alike unknown !
But, more than pain or fever's torturing power,
He dreads delay in death's approaching hour.
A short delay his means may scarce sustain,
And to increase them every art is vain.
He then a mean and meaner dwelling found,
By justice, truth, and sense of honour, bound.
His last resource is now a lonely street,
Where the most wretched outcast may retreat ;

And prostrate there with sense, but life not, fled,
The stony pavement pillowing his head ;
A busy crowd the unconscious Henry bore,
And gained admittance at the alms-house door.
With sick and dying paupers he is laid
And kindly effort to revive him made,
For with returning life they little deemed
He, who forlorn and thus deserted seemed,
Must, with the sense they laboured to restore,
Awake to agony unknown before.
Yet so it was--nor tongue nor verse could say
What were his tortures on this dreadful day.

He viewed that scene of which he formed a part,
And felt a thrill of horror seize his heart ;
One look sufficed, and then his eyelids close,
As if in death they sought their last repose ;
Yet, when a gentle voice, in accents clear,
With kind enquiry drew approaching near,
Across his pallid cheek a burning blush
Seemed, like the lifeblood, from his heart to rush,
Whilst on his marble brow stood drops of dew,
Such as denote the sufferer's hours are few.
But Henry cannot long those tones resist,
Or in that silence long with her persist,

Who, unrestrained by mean and selfish fear,
 Through holy charity and love, is here.
 Lodging more meet is found at her request,
 Where undisturbed the dying man may rest,
 And all that can afford his sufferings ease,
 Or his refined and sickly fancy please,
 These, with a nurse's watchful care to tend,
 Are soon supplied him by his gentle friend.
 But, more than all, 'tis hers the dearer part
 To pour a balm into that bleeding heart,
 And shew him, whilst his hopes are taught to rise,
 How God, in love, his children may chastise;

And as the morn upon the sable night
Pours the soft radiance of her silver light,
And casts a heavenly fringe of lucid dye
Round the dark clouds which presage storms are nigh,
So does a ray divine of sacred power
Break through the darkness of that suffering hour,
So does it shed a bright effulgent gleam,
Which gently falls upon the troubled stream,
Whilst faith in whispers tells of worlds above,
Where cloudless light shines forth in endless love.
The bitterness and sting of death are past !
He feels the Almighty arm around him cast :

And as a child upon the mother's breast,
Its little sorrows o'er, will sink to rest,
So in the consciousness that God is nigh,
He softly breathes his last and parting sigh !

A. L.

The Grange, Gateacre.

A FEW

POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

JOHN HIRST.



LOVE.

Written in 1828.

Oh! Love is like the morning beam,
 That gilds the surface of the stream,
 Or dances on the river,
 Cheered by its influence, awhile
 The streamlet wears a playful smile---
 Now---now 'tis gone for ever.

Thus Love, with blissful visions rife,

Sheds on this chequer'd scene of life

Its joy diffusing ray.

Our bosoms feel its pleasing power

For one short-lived---though happy---hour---

And then 'tis gone for aye.

THE NORTHERN FAIRIES

Away---away---

The winter is coming in dazzling white,
Then why should there linger one roving sprite?

Let us away,
And shoot o'er the sky on the northern light.

Of the pure ice
We'll build us a home, and the sparkling snow
Shall ring to our footsteps, as round we go,

Dancing it nice,
When none that are mortal our freaks can know.

Such fun---such fun---

To climb on the back of the sleeping bear,

To scratch his nose, and to tickle his ear,

And see him run

To the cold cold waters to drown his fear.

We 'll close the spout

Of the ugly whale ; when the unicorn

From the wave is peeping, we 'll seize his horn,

And as about

He lazily tumbles, we 'll laugh in scorn.

The Esquimaux

Astounded shall be, when he views his boat

From the iceberg loosed, where it used to float,

And 'gainst the flaw

Conveyed by some hand which he knoweth not.

Away---away,

The winter is coming in robes of white,

Then why should there linger one roving sprite?

Let us away,

And ride on the glance of the northern light.

THE EVENING STAR.

Star of the twilight hour, how sweetly thou
Art shining o'er us 'mid the fading light,
A gem of beauty on the Evening's brow,
Where others soon will rise, but none so bright !

How many a chord that binds us to the past
Thou strik'st within us, O thou lonely star !
As o'er the sky thy trembling ray is cast,
With scarce a breath the stillness deep to mar !

How oft when gazing on thee seem I placed

Again beneath the roof of early years,

When grief as yet no furrowed lines had traced

Across my brow, nor damped my cheek with tears.

And then would hope her glittering fancies build,

Nor think of heart-bound friends---cold- -scattered---

dead,---

But all the future with a magic gild,

And all the path of life with flowerets spread.

And now it may be that a nameless one

Is seated pensive 'mid the fragrant flowers

That cluster round her window, and alone

Is musing also on departed hours :

And clings with fondness to love's pleasing dream,

And thinks of those whom fate has severed far,

And softly sighs when gazing on thy beam,

Thou meeting-place of hearts---thou Evening Star!

THE WOODS.

Morning---An unfinished Poem.

I love the woods---when the morn is up,
And the lark's blithe strains are ringing,
And dews lie deep in the wild flower's cup,
And sparkle where boughs are swinging ;
When creatures of life, in gambols wild,
O'er the rustling grass are bounding,
And tones like those of a joyous child
Through the earth and sky are sounding ;

They seem to speak of the season bright
When hopes are high, and the heart beats light,
And the world seen faint and distant, then
Wears charms it never will wear again,
For the hand is yet unstretched to clasp
The joys that flee from the anxious grasp,
And mirth and gladness our hours adorn,
Like the woods--the glittering woods--at morn.

How still the woods! when the noon-tide heat

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THE DEAR ONE.

Oh, bright is the glance of the sunlit stream,
In its course of laughter flowing,
While its rippling waves in the fitful gleam
Of the morning hour are glowing;
But brighter than glow on stream or sky,
Is the soul-felt glance of a dear one's eye.

'Tis sweet to list, 'mid the woodlands green,
When the mavis and merle are singing,

And blithe is the blackbird's song at e'en
Through the greenwood loudly ringing,
But the dulcet tone of a dear one's voice
Resembles a song of paradise.

With a music and sweetness all its own
From her lip of beauty breathing,
It comes with a rich---with a thrilling tone,
The soul with a charm enwreathing ;---
Oh, her dulcet voice, and her glancing eye
To me are more than heavenly.

1829.

THE WISH.

Since last we parted, oft I've thought

On happy hours that quickly flew

In thy sweet presence, which I sought

That on my path thy smile might strew

Those pleasing flowers we stoop to glean,

With joy, amid life's troubled scene.

I know 't is Grace and Duty's call,

That I adore supremely Him,

Before whose throne the myriads fall

Of sinless--spotless Seraphim,

In holy wonder at his ways,
 Redeeming Love their highest praise :

And oft in prayer I seek that He
 May shed his Spirit o'er my heart,
 And lead me in humility
 To taste the good his gifts impart,
 Meekly resigned in word and thought
 When he denies a bounty sought.

Yet fondly do I trust, that while
 His love directs me in my path,
 I may not want thy gentle smile,
 And all the charm thy kindness hath

To hush the storm---to raise a calm---

And o'er the bitter pour a balm.

Oh ! may our eyes be heavenward cast,

Oh ! may our hopes be raised and pure,

That we may find our journey past

In faith of endless joys secure,

'Till, with united hearts, our song

Is mingling with a Holy throng.

THE CONVINCED AND RETURNING SINNER.

Oh, what a grov'ling spirit, Lord !

How cleaves it to the dust !

I cannot pray, nor read thy word,

Nor place in thee my trust.

I feel a sinful world around,

A sinful world within ;

An evil heart wherein^{*} are found

The seeds of every sin.

Less than the least of all I am---

My crimes to mountains grown---

How worthless then---how vile to come

With homage to thy throne.

Yet, Lord, unto my soul dispense

The blessings of that Stream,

Which flows the guilty ones to cleanse---

The bondaged to redeem.

I see it is thy gracious arm

Has been revealed to me,

To strip this world of all its charm,
That I might come to thee.

Assist me now, thine own good hour
In humble hope to wait,
And trusting in thy love and power
To stay at mercy's gate.

THE WINTER NIGHTS.

I love the spring, the gentle spring,
 I love the summer gay,
 And pleasures mild does autumn bring,
 With evening fading grey ;
 But none so bright as winter night :
 The winter nights for me.

The winter nights---when friends are met
 In parlour lighted up,
 And fair hands have before us set
 The social tea-filled cup,

While many a word of kindness heard
Gives proof of welcome free.

'T is not the passing flash of mirth
That gladdens then the scene,
Far steadier feelings now have birth,
We speak of what has been,
Of seasons past when hope had cast
Around us dreams of glee.

We speak of pranks of early years,
The changes lifetime hath,
How strangely mingled joys and tears
Have been upon our path ;

Oh, what delights have winter nights---

The winter nights for me.

The winter nights--on them I love

To wander on the Hill,

When clouds have left the sky above,

And all around is still,

While moonlight gleam with quiv'ring beam

Shines through the leafless tree.

How sweet the thoughts to raise afar

From earth ; let fancy roam---

And paint each little trembling star,

That looks from heaven's high dome,

A place of rest for spirits blest---

A home of ecstasy.

Then gazing on the city spread

In chequered gloom below,

I think on many a scene, where red

These thousand windows glow,

How pain and care are dwelling there,

And youth and gaiety.

I think of rooms where pleasures reign

And beauty glides along,

Where gladness summons all her train,

And music all her song,

In thought I join where these combine
 Their cheering revelry.

Then wish that placed beside the couch,

Where groaning ones are laid,

I had an angel's healing touch,

To give the sufferers aid ;

But soon I hush the fruitless wish,

And weep in sympathy.

Again I say, I love each form

That marks our changing years,

But winter, though it come with storm,

By far the best appears :---

For winter nights bring strange delights---

The winter nights for me !

FROM THE GREEK.

The Muses left the land of light,
O'er this dull earth to range,
Seeking a fane on which the flight
Of Time could make no change.
They saw that seasons hurry on,
To crush what man may rear,
A Poet's soul they found alone
A lasting temple here.

HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Home of my youth ! I seem again

To view thy rude and whited wall,

The honey-flowers around the pane,

The turf-made seat at evening fall,--

The grassy plot we sported on,

The two tall trees behind that grew,

The puny boasting when a stone

Above their topmost boughs we threw ;

Again I see the stream that flows

Now limpid through the sylvan glade,

And now its dashing waters throws

O'er chasm and cleft that time hath made,

While from its bed the brown rock heaves,

And shrubs and wild flowers spread around,

And singing birds amid the leaves

Add music to the waters' sound ;

I see the hill with cloudy crest,

Where storm and calm alternate dwell,

And nurse upon its aged breast

The bright but hardy heatherbell,---

Where I, a little boy, would toss

My cap to catch the butterfly,

Or listless lie upon the moss

And hear the bee go humming by,---

There rests a charm on early days,

A charm around our early home,

That after years can ne'er erase,

That deepens as we further roam,---

A charm so great that oft we deem

We need but seek the spot again,

To wake anew youth's happy dream

And all the thoughts we cherished then,---

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And thus I had imagined long,
 Until at last one summer morn
The well known scenes I paced among,
 The hill, the woods, the spreading thorn ;

The sun was on the silver pool,
 The little ash I planted there
Was stately now and beautiful,
 And all was bright and green and fair ;---

But rude and narrow seemed, alas !
 Walls that once echoed with our din,
Strange forms I saw upon the grass,
 Strange voices heard in strife within.---

I turned away, and sick at heart

I felt as if on earth alone ;

What could the gloomy change impart ?

I--I was changed, and friends were gone.

I turned away, yet still I muse

With pleasure on my early days,

And still does wayward fancy choose .

Her almost childish dreams to raise.

THE SOUTH WIND.

I love thy breath, thou traverser
Of spacious earth and boundless air,
Thy flight increasing, speeding free
O'er lake and islet, land and sea,
It seems as if the glowing south
Were opening up its treasures now,
And warmth and odours from its mouth
Were gently bearing to my brow.
For thou hast come from gorgeous bowers,
'Midst bursting of a thousand flowers,

Which freely all their sweets bestow,
Then strew with buds the turf below,---
And rustled where the forest weaves
Its canopy of fruits and leaves,
And proudly rears the fow'ring palm
Its head amid the sunny calm ,---
The desert too thy wings have past,
The desert still, and drear, and vast,
(For never o'er that lonely wild
The joyous bloom of nature smiled),
And swept across the caravan,
The panting beast, the toiling man,

Who felt thy breath so rich a boon
He murmured thou wert gone so soon ;--
And as the languid sailor lay
Becalmed beneath the tropic's ray,
With joy he felt the rising gale,
With joy he loosed and spread the sail,
And thought the best of blessings come,
The breeze to waft his vessel home.
And thou hast sped o'er vine-clad hill,
The clusters binding on its brow,
And rippled o'er the waters still
That sheltered in the chasm below ;

And thou art here---and to my cheek,
It seems as if thy flight did speak,
Like breathing of a happy dream,
Of all the lands where wonders teem,
For thou art here, and thou art gone.
Thy progress urging on and on,
Perchance within the distant north
Some brother wind to summon forth,
Till gaining fury in thy course
O'er mountain bleak and billows hoarse,
With spray and foam thou wilt assail
The slumb'ring rolling lazy whale,

Or tearing down the shattered ice,
 Where frowns the sea formed precipice,
 Wilt startling rouse the growling bear,
 And drive him from his snowy lair.

And shalt thou thence spring back to earth
 Where first thou fragrant hadst thy birth,
 Or shall thy blasts in fury ride
 Confused amid the trackless void ?
 None---none--- can tell thou trackless thing,
 The free in course-- the fleet in wing.

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